

GOLD
KEY

CAVE KIDS

GE

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and Bamm-Bamm



10044-612
DECEMBER

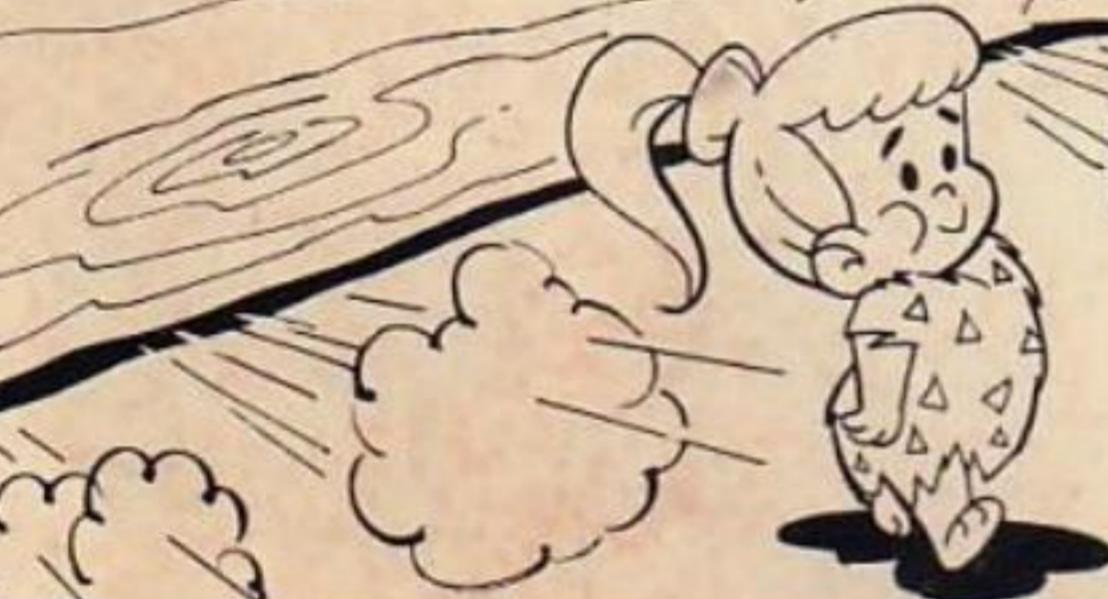
Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

RUMBLE



SMASH

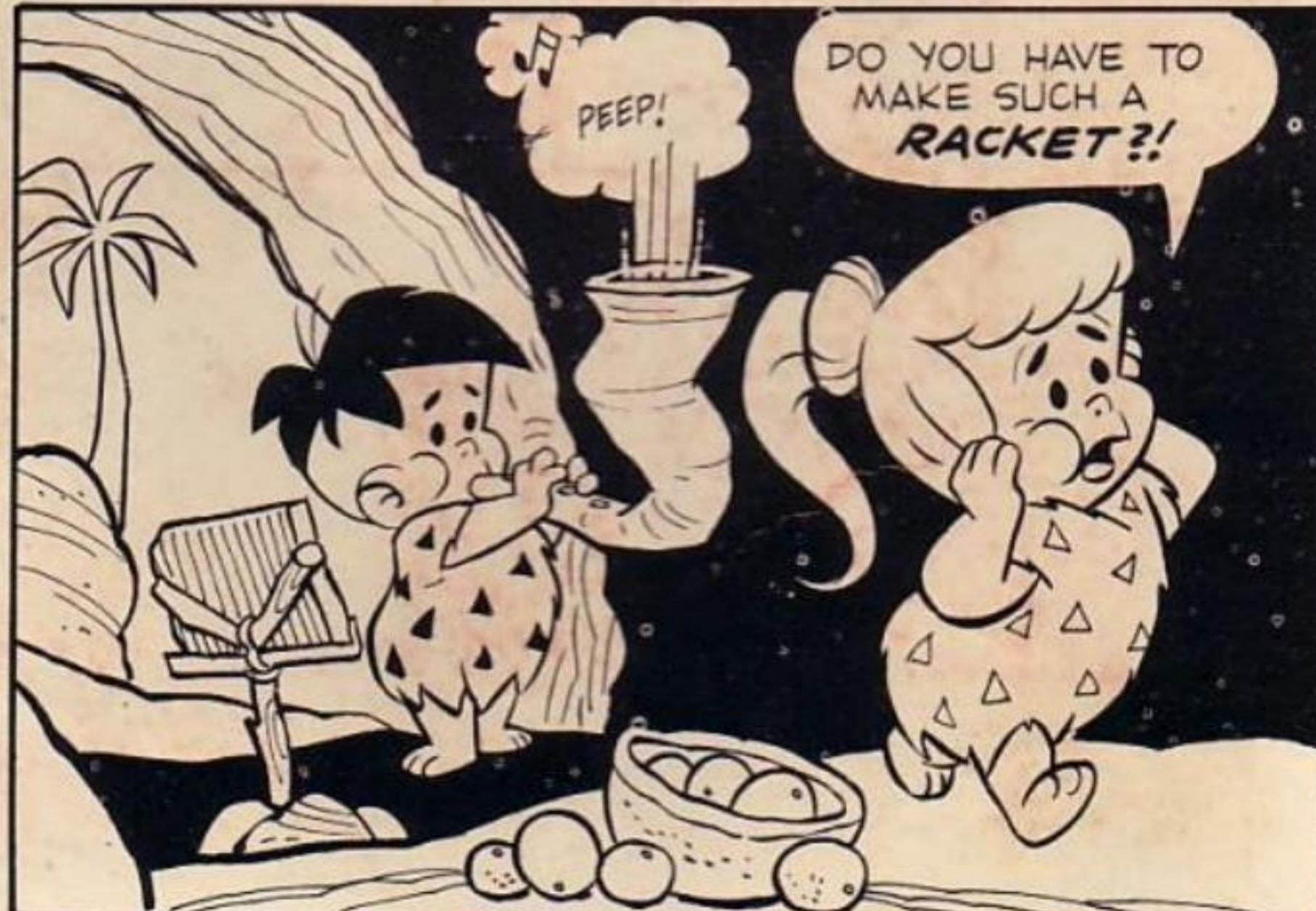


ROAR



GOOD
GRIEF,
SANDY...

CAVE
KIDS



Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS TIME OUT FOR TROUBLE

IT'S THE VERY
ROCK BOTTOM
OF ALL
BADNESS...

IT'S CRIMINAL,
SALLY...CRIMINAL!

STEERIKE!



IT'S EVERYWHERE
YOU LOOK...

...IN ONE FORM
OR ANOTHER...



...BOYS...
HITTING BALLS,
WITH STICKS!

IT'S JUST
AWFUL!

IT'S SUCH A
WASTE OF
TIME!

IT DOESN'T
ACCOMPLISH
ANYTHING!



JOONY-612
CAVE KIDS 15-612

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

AND ONCE THEY GET IN
THE HABIT AS BOYS... THEY
NEVER GIVE IT UP!

AWK! NO WONDER
PROGRESS IS SO SLOW
AROUND HERE!

PRESIDENT

MRS. POTT!

THAT'S THE
PRESIDENT OF **BRICKY-**
BACK BRIDGES!

INSTEAD OF INVENTING
BETTER BRIDGES, HE'S
WASTING HIS TIME
HITTING A GALL STONE
AROUND HIS OFFICE!

WATCH YOUR
STEP

A
BRICKY-BACK
BRIDGE

HARNK-
HARNK!

YO, B.B. ... LET'S PLAY 36 HOLES
OF GALL STONES OVER AT
CRATER ACRES!

IT'S A DEAL!
I'LL TAKE THE
AFTERNOON
OFF!

AWK! AND
DO YOU KNOW
WHO THAT
MAN IS?

WHO?
WHO?

BRICKY-BACK BRIDGE CO.

HE'S C.D. BEELINE,
HEAD OF FLAK
AIRLINES!

NO!!

PUFF! PANT!

FLAP!

YOU'D THINK HE'D WANT TO
SPEND MORE TIME IMPROVING
AIR TRAVEL!

IT SURE
NEEDS IM-
PROVEMENTS!

FLAP!

FLAP!
FLAP!
FLAP!



C'MON, SUZY... THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO BEAT THEM AT THEIR BALL GAME...

IT'LL PROBABLY TAKE EVERY STONE-CENT WE OWN!

...BUT OUR FUTURE IS AT STAKE! THOSE BOYS ARE THE MEN OF TOMORROW!



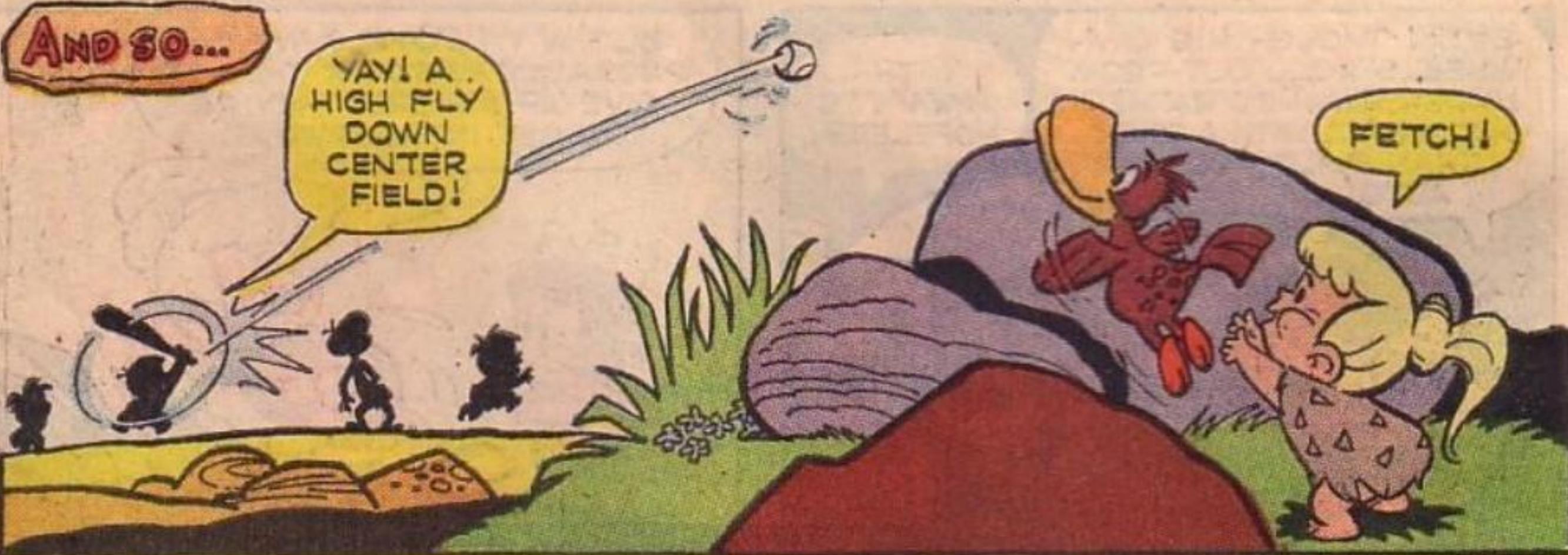
... AND IF WE WANT TO SEE ANY REAL PROGRESS... THEY'LL HAVE TO BE MEN WHO DON'T KILL TIME HITTING BALLS WITH STICKS!



AND SO...

YAY! A HIGH FLY DOWN CENTER FIELD!

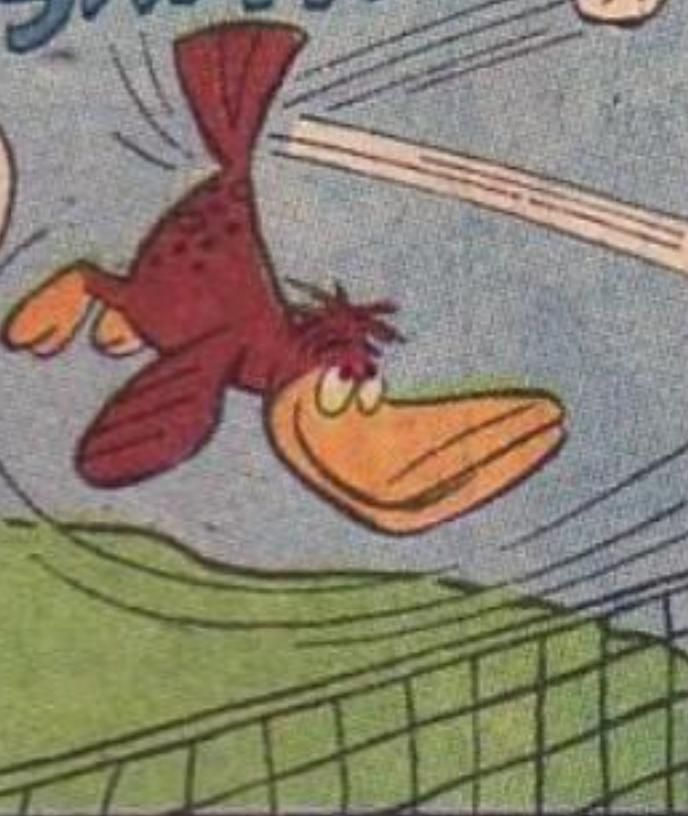
FETCH!



THEN OVER ON THE TENNIS COURT...

SWAT

HEY! MIND YOUR OWN
FEATHER- FLAPPIN'
BUSINESS!



TEE-HEE! AFTER A WHILE
THEY'LL JUST HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING ELSE WHEN
ALL THE BALLS ARE GONE!



AND BY AND BY...

C'MON...THE BOYS
HAVE BEEN QUIET
FOR A SPELL NOW!



THERE
THEY ARE
IN A BUSY
HUDDLE!



OH, GOODY! YOU'VE SETTLED
DOWN TO DOING CREATIVE WORK
WITH YOUR HANDS!



...WE'RE MAKING
BALLS!

SOME SINISTER
BIRD HAS TAKEN
ALL OF THEM!

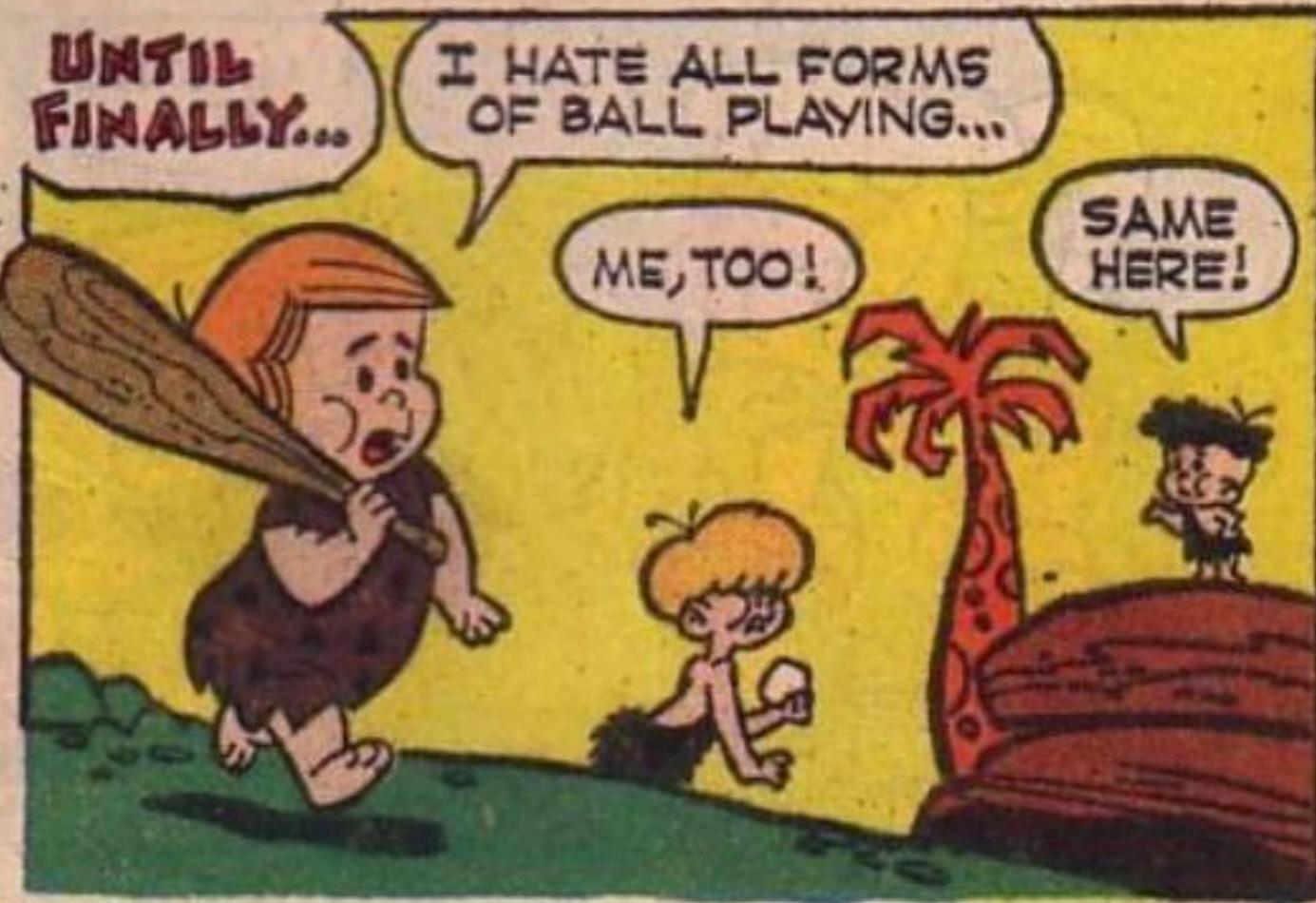
BUT NEXT TIME
THIS FOR
THAT BIRD!

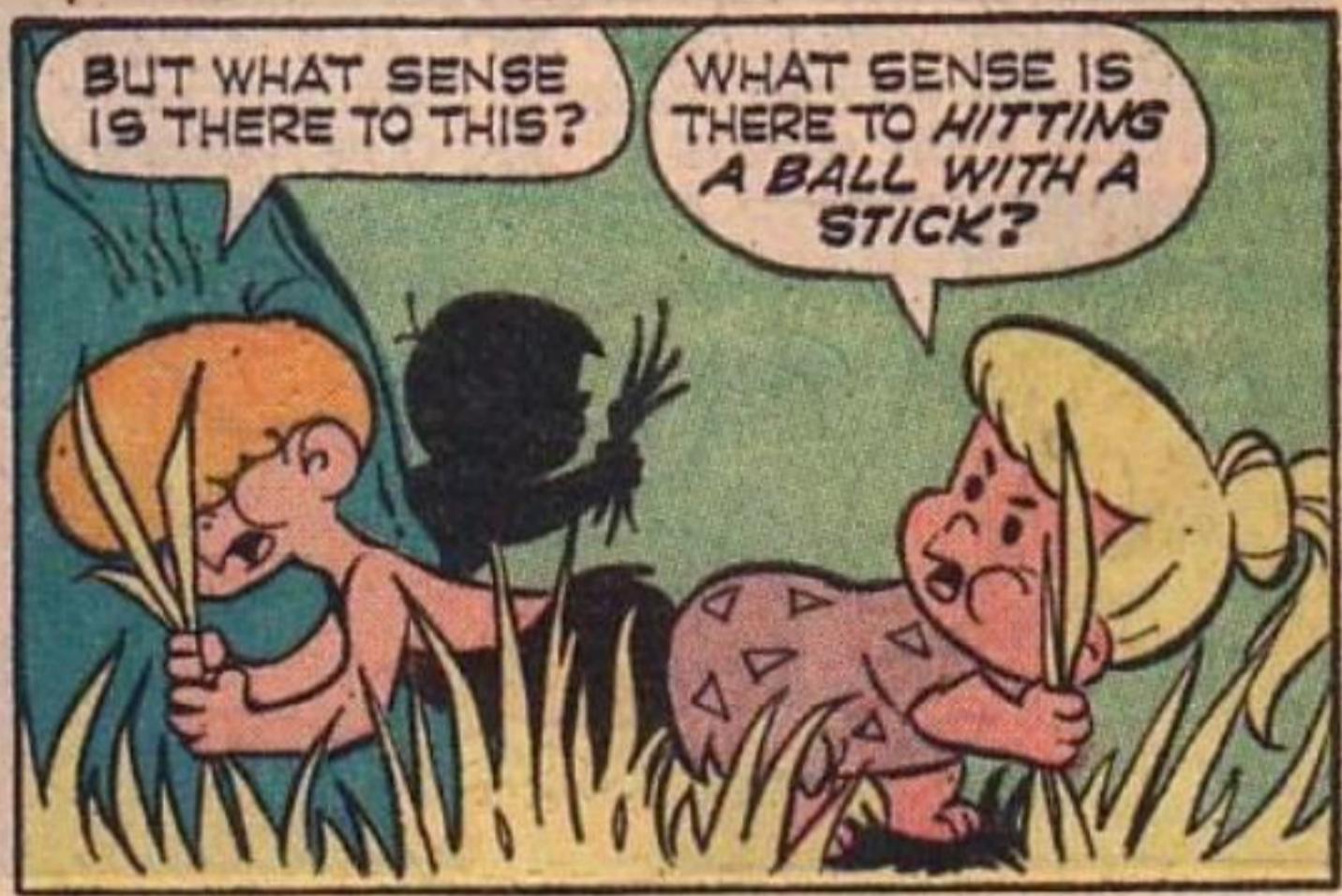


(SIGH!) IT'S NO USE! THEIR HEARTS BELONG TO BALL PLAYING!

HMM...

C'MON... I KNOW JUST THE GAL TO GIVE THE GUYS A CHANGE OF MIND!





STAGE TWO...HALF OF US
WILL TAKE THE BASKETS AND
GO FRUIT-PICKING...

...AND HALF OF YOU
WILL BUILD A **HOUSE**
OF BRICKS!

WE JUST
INVENTED THE
WORD...IT MEANS
A CAVE MINUS
A MOUNTAIN!



FOR ONCE WE'LL PICK
MORE THAN WE CAN CARRY
IN OUR BARE HANDS!

...AND **STORE**
THE EXTRA IN
OUR **HOUSE**!

WHEE! WE'RE
SEEING TREMENDOUS
PROGRESS ALREADY!



JUST A FEW HOURS WITHOUT
HITTING BALLS WITH STICKS
AND OUR CIVILIZATION HAS
TAKEN A JUMBO STEP
UPWARD!

SPEAKING OF **BIG STEPS**...I HEAR
SOME COMING THIS WAY!



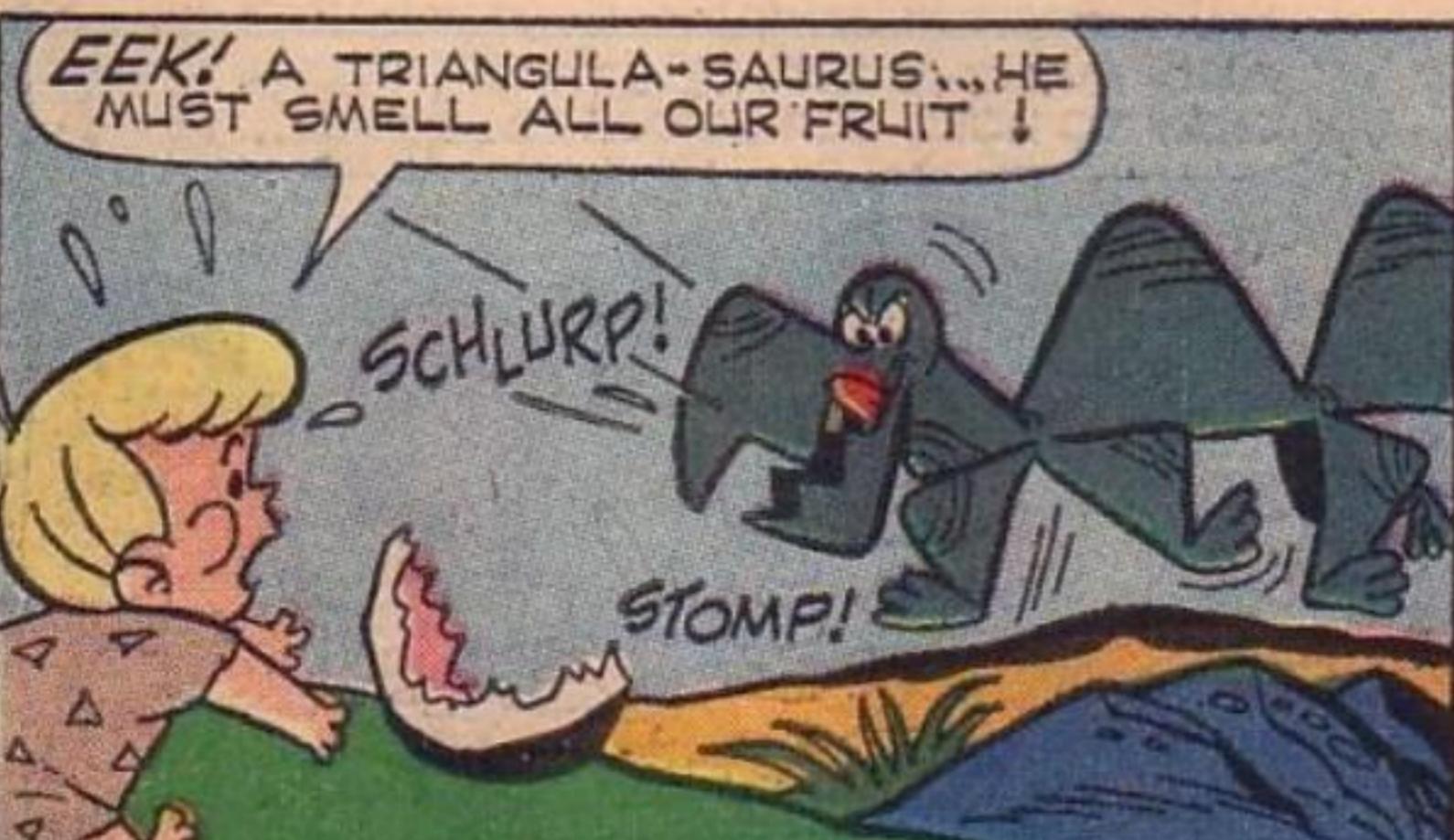
EEK! A TRIANGULA-SAURUS...HE
MUST SMELL ALL OUR FRUIT!

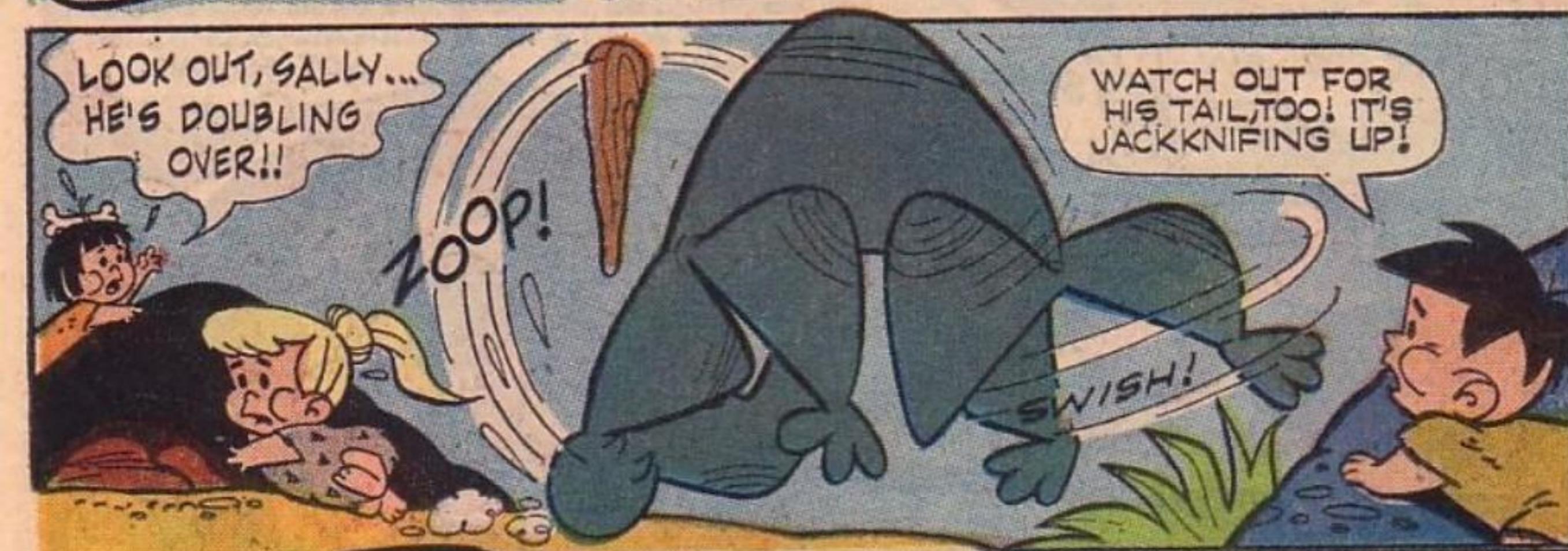
SCHLURP!

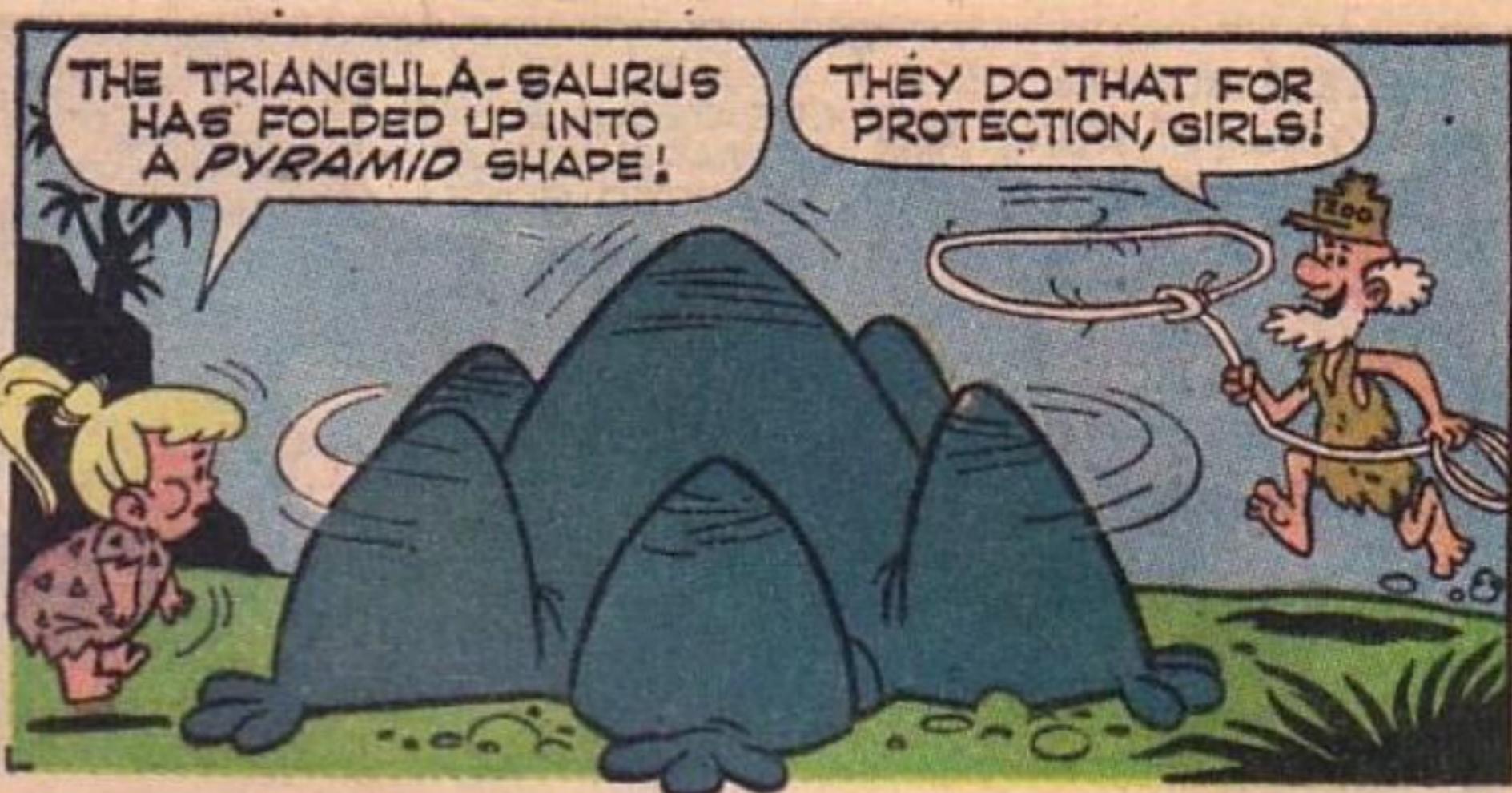
STOMP!

QUICK, BUDDY...BOP HIM
WITH YOUR CLUB!

ICK! HE'D
CLOBBER
ME!







Hanna-Barbera

THE GRUESOMES

The NEW LOOK

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE SCREECHING, DEAR! WHAT DO YOU WANT? OUT WITH IT!

OF ALL THE NERVE!



HEY! NOW WHAT WAS THAT FOR?

POW!



FOR THINKING GOBBY'S PET BLUZZARD WAS ME— THAT'S WHAT!

I'M SORRY, DEAR!
MY EYES ARE TIRED
FROM READING!

HUMPH!

PLEASE OPEN
THE DOOR AND
SAY YOU'LL
FORGIVE ME!

I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO
FORGIVE YOU, DEAR! THE
DOOR IS OVER HERE...
AND IT'S OPEN!



NOW, YOU GO STRAIGHT
TO THE EYE DOCTOR,
WEIRDLY, AND HAVE YOUR
EYES CHECKED!

YES,
DEAR—
OOF!

POW!

POOR
DEAR!

I HOPE IT'S
SOMETHING
SERIOUS! I
HATE TO SPEND
MONEY FOR
NOTHING!

AND... YOUR TROUBLE, MR. GRUESOME, IS
THAT YOU NEED GLASSES!

YOU DON'T SAY!

THERE! HOW'S THAT?
THEY'RE SUPER-
POWERFUL!

WOW! I CAN
SEE BETTER THAN
I EVER HAVE!

GEE,
THIS IS
GREAT!

OOPS! EGADS! IS
THAT **ME**? WHERE'D I
GET SUCH CRUMMY-
LOOKIN' CLOTHES?

BARBER
SHOP

BOY, I SURE LIVE IN A RUN-DOWN
NEIGHBORHOOD—AND DON'T TELL ME
THAT'S MY KID!?

HI, POP!

THAT DOES IT! I'M GONNA
PUT THESE THINGS IN A DRAWER
AND NEVER WEAR 'EM AGAIN!

?



WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, WEIRDLY?

I'M SORRY, DEAR!
I CAN'T STAND
GLASSES!

I'M
OVER
HERE!
THAT'S
GOBBY'S
SPIDER!

NOW YOU PUT ON THESE
GLASSES! IMMEDIATELY!

NO, NO!
PLEASE,
NO!



REALLY, DEAR, THEY CAN'T
BE THAT BAD!



CAN I.
TRY 'EM
ON, POP?

NO, GOBBY!
KEEP AWAY
FROM THEM!

YEAH! SMASH 'EM
WITH A ROCK!

GRRR!





TWO FOR SCHOOL



"Hi, Dear Understanding Dad," called Augie Doggie, as he ran into the house. "I have a big surprise to tell you."

"Tell away, Eager Son!" smiled Doggie Daddy, as he hung his work coat on a rack. "You seem to be bursting with great joy!"

"I am! I am!" he cried. "I am going to save you a lot of money, Generous Pop! You won't have to pay any more tuition for me to go to school! I quit today!"

With a flip of his wrist, Augie tossed his books into the waste basket; and with a turn of his head, Doggie Daddy shouted, "YOU WHAT?"

"Quit!" repeated Augie in a sure voice.

"That's what I thought you said, Son of Mine. But tell me why!"

Augie didn't blink an eye, he just replied, "Because I know everything that I need to know! I've been educated enough!"

Doggie Daddy did not reply, he just went about the business of preparing dinner and feeding his "educated" son. After the meal was over, and as Daddy tucked his so-smart son in bed, he thought of a solution to his pressing problem.

"How would you like to go with me on my job tomorrow?" he asked. "I think you could help me if you did."

"You bet, Daddy in Need," agreed Augie.

It was Doggie Daddy's plan to prove to his son that every growing boy needed to be in school. Daddy thought that an on-the-job session would convince Augie that Augie did not know everything.

The next day, they set out to saw a tree into firewood for Mr. Jones. As soon as Daddy began work, the chain saw broke. Try

as he might, Daddy could not repair it.

"Here, you try it, Smart Son," he said. "I am sure you know how to do it."

Augie tried, but he could not fix the saw, and at last he said, "Dear Trusting Dad, I must tell you, I don't know how to fix your saw."

Just at that moment, a truck stopped, and a man jumped out saying, "I see you're having trouble. Let me fix that for you."

With a few twists of a few bolts, the man had the saw working like it was new.

"How did you do that so fast, mister?" Augie asked in wonder.

"It's all in knowing how!" replied the man. "I went to school to learn mechanics. That will be five dollars, sir," he added.

As the man drove away, with his fee, Augie looked at his father and said, "Did I hear him say he went to school to learn how to do that?"

"You heard him right, Dear Son! Come, let's finish cutting this tree and get the wood loaded onto the truck."

Soon, the job was done, and they were heading toward home, when Augie cried out a warning. "Stop, Cautious Dad! You didn't see that sign! It says the bridge ahead has a load limit of ONE TON!"

"Don't fret!" grinned Daddy. "We have under four thousand pounds on our truck."

And with that, Daddy gunned the motor and the car sped onto the bridge.

"Oh, Forgetful Dad, one ton is only TWO THOUSAND pounds! I learned that in school," Augie cried, as they made it to safety on the other side of the bridge.

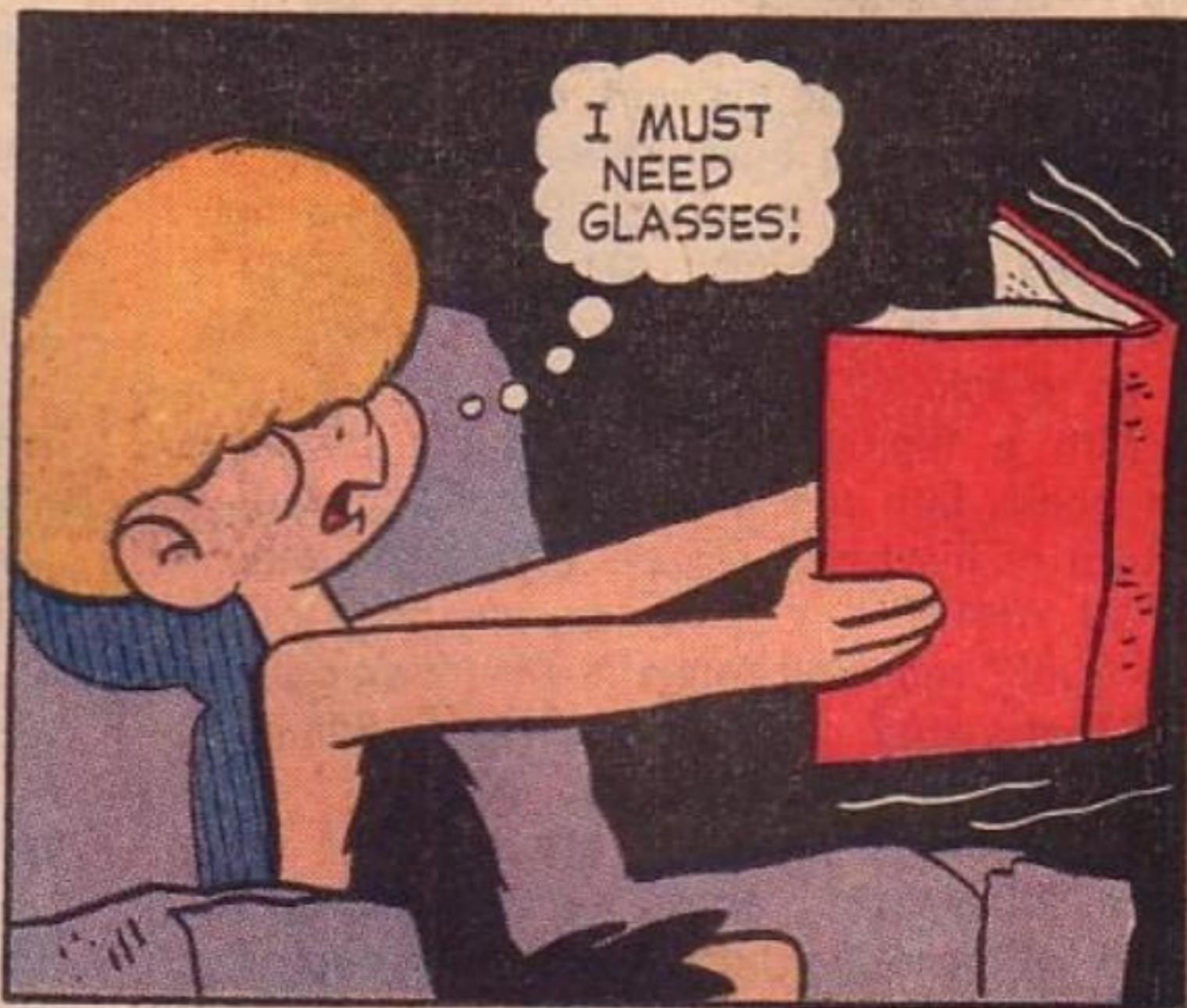
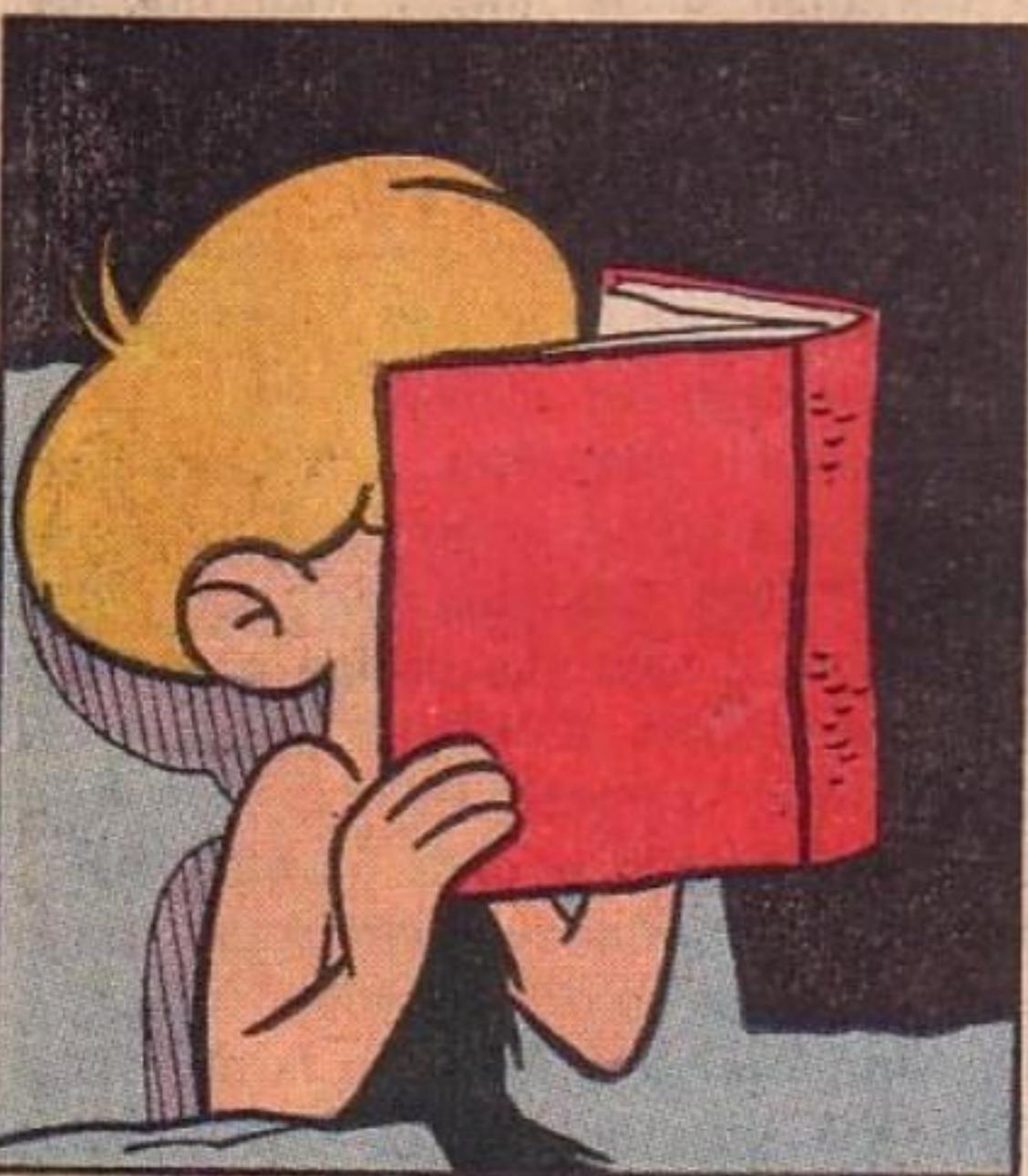
"Whew!" Daddy said, looking back at the swaying bridge. "A ton must be just two thousand pounds, like you learned at school. Hmm, maybe I'll go back to school myself, and take a refresher course."

"Great idea, Ambitious Pater," nodded Augie. "And I am going back to school, too. If I am to know enough to keep you out of danger, and to repair your equipment so I can save you money, I think I need more education!"

Doggie Daddy smiled as he thought, "Well, the plan was sort of risky, and it cost me five dollars, but it worked. Besides, a little more education isn't going to hurt me... so it will be TWO for school."

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CAVE KIDS

THERE!

IZZY
EINSTONE
KID GENIUS

NOW FOR THE
BIG TEST...

I DID IT!
I DID IT!

DID WHAT,
IZZY...
WHAT?!

I INVENTED INSTANT LAVA!

Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

MASQUERADE PARTY

SANDY!

SALLY!

EEK!

WHAT CREEPY
CREATURES!

(ULP!) THEY
EVEN CALL US
BY NAME!



OOF! I
TRIPPED!

WELL, DON'T BOTHER
GETTING UP... THIS IS
A DEAD-END CANYON!

OKAY... EAT US UP AND
GET IT OVER WITH!



GOLLY, SANDY AND SALLY...
WE JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU
ABOUT THE MASQUERADE PARTY
AT GYPSY CRYSTAL'S PLACE!

WHEW! IT'S ONLY
OUR CAVE KID
CHUMS!

DRESSED AS
CRITTERS!

C'MON, SALLY... LET'S
RENT COSTUMES!



BUT... SORRY... ALL SOLD OUT!

EVERYBODY MUST BE GOING TO THAT PARTY!

COSTUMES FOR RENT

YOU CAN SEW, SALLY! MAKE COSTUMES FOR US!

WELL, I'LL TRY...

SOONISH...

THERE! WE'LL GO AS FLANNEL-TAILED CRITTERS! THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO!

SIGH! THESE WON'T WIN ANY PRIZES, BUT THEY'RE BETTER THAN NOTHING!

LET'S HURRY! THE PARTY IS WELL UNDER WAY BY NOW!

(ULP!) A BIG BEASTIE'S GOT US!

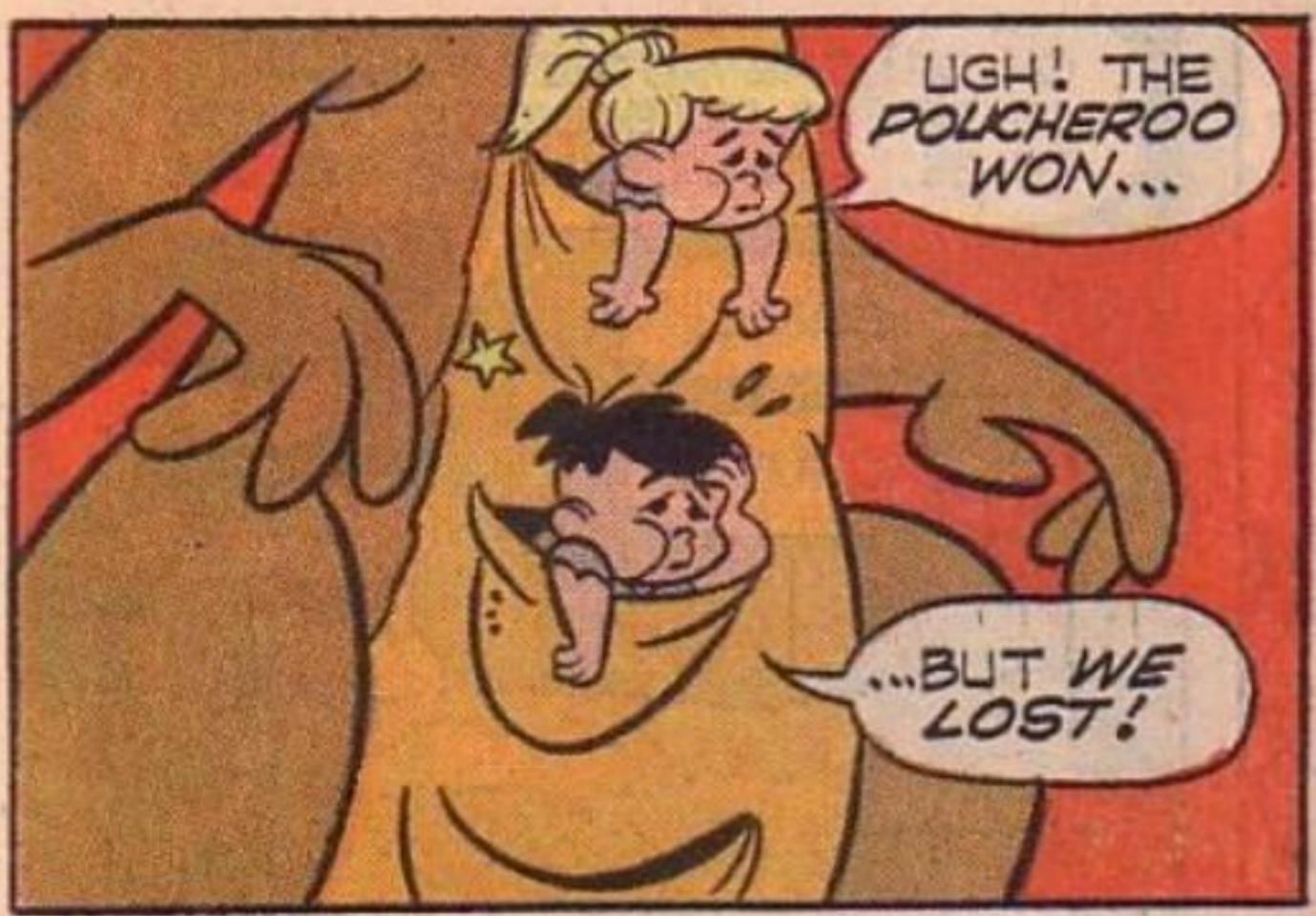
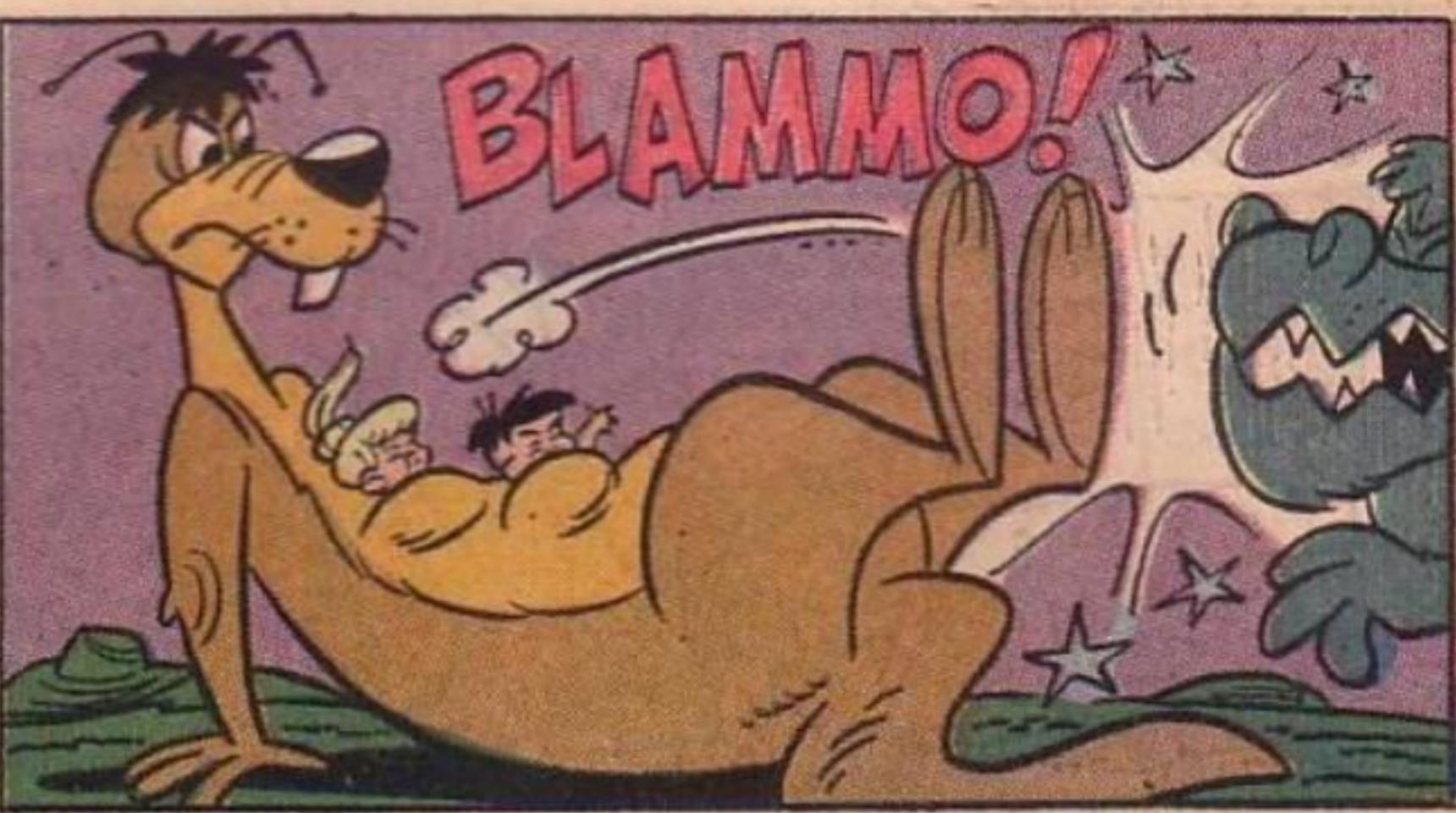
WHEW! LUCKY FOR US IT'S A FRIENDLY TYPE!

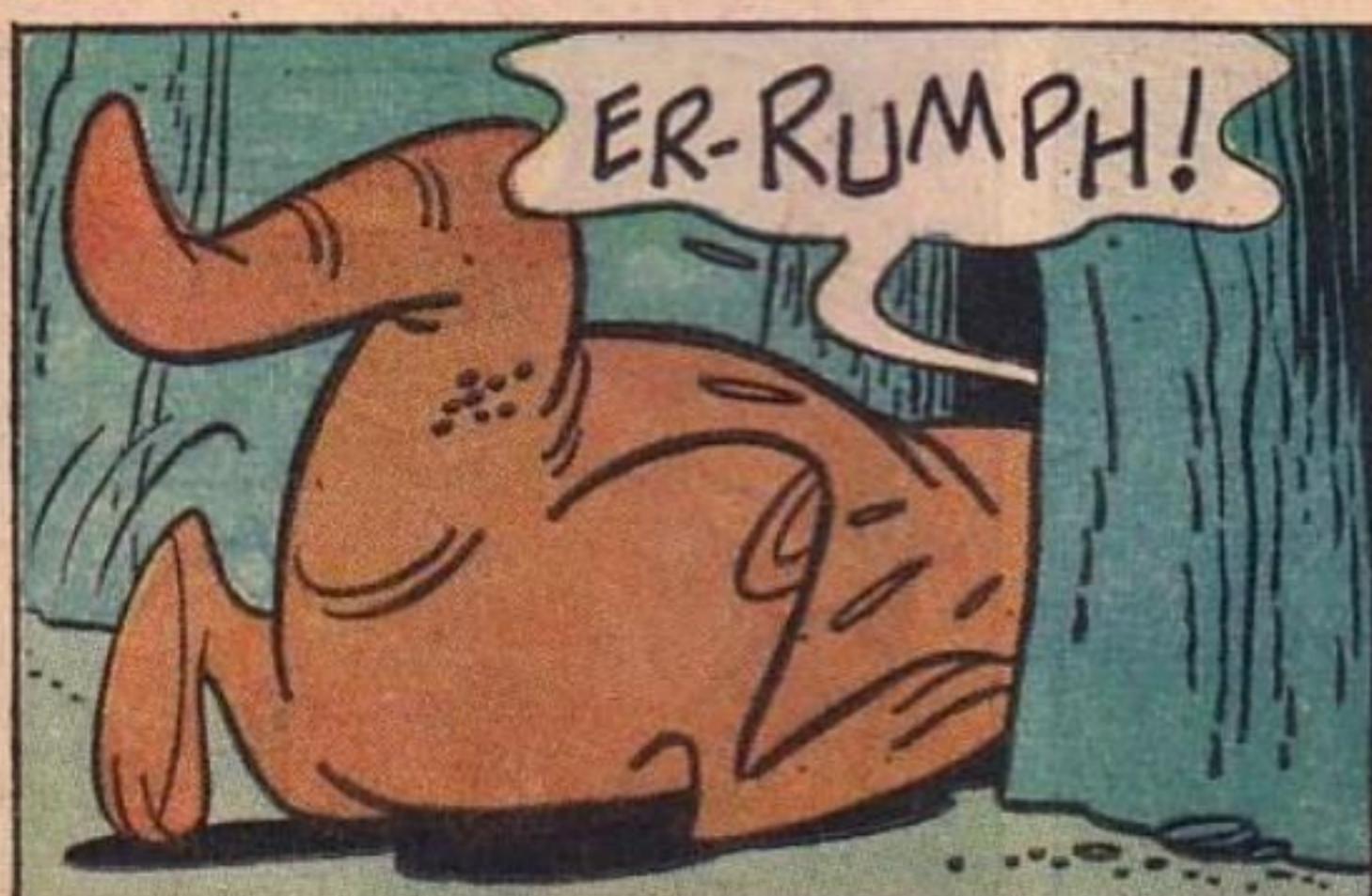
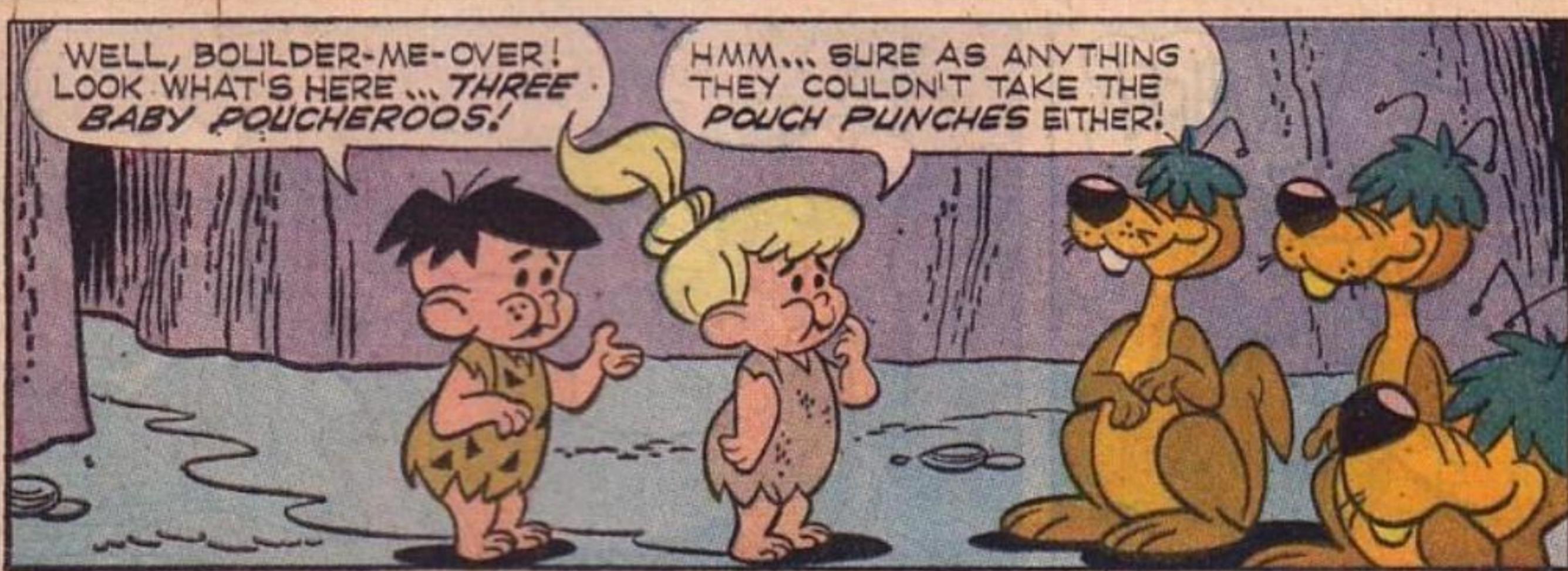
PUT US DOWN, SMILEY!

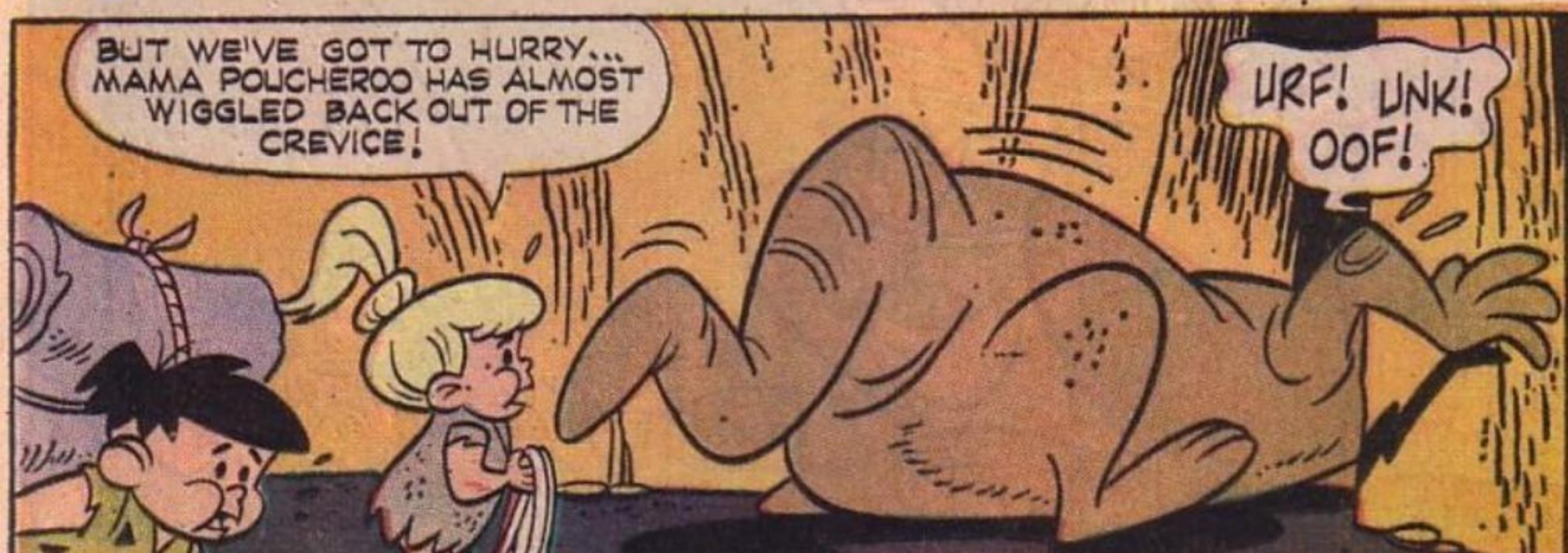
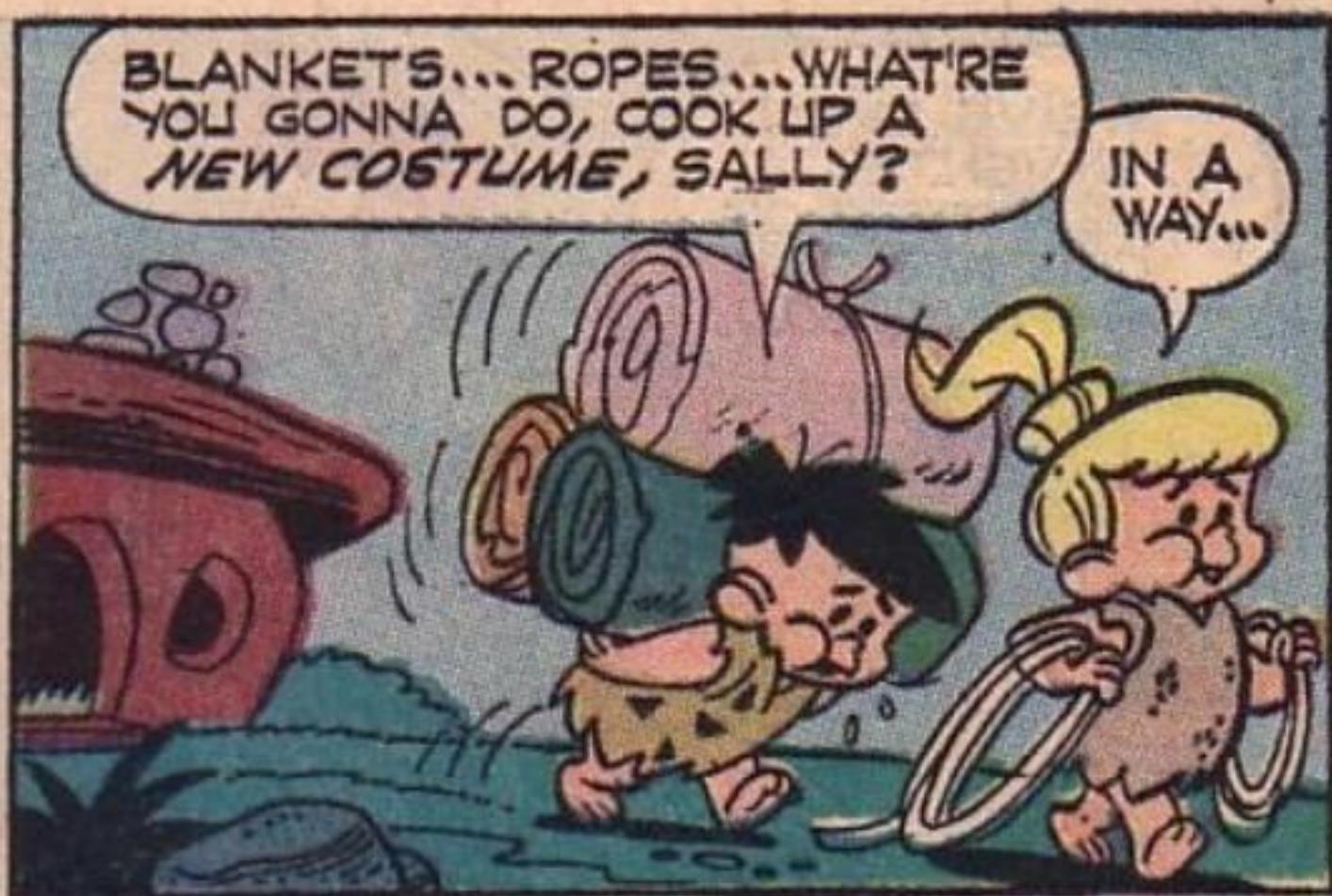
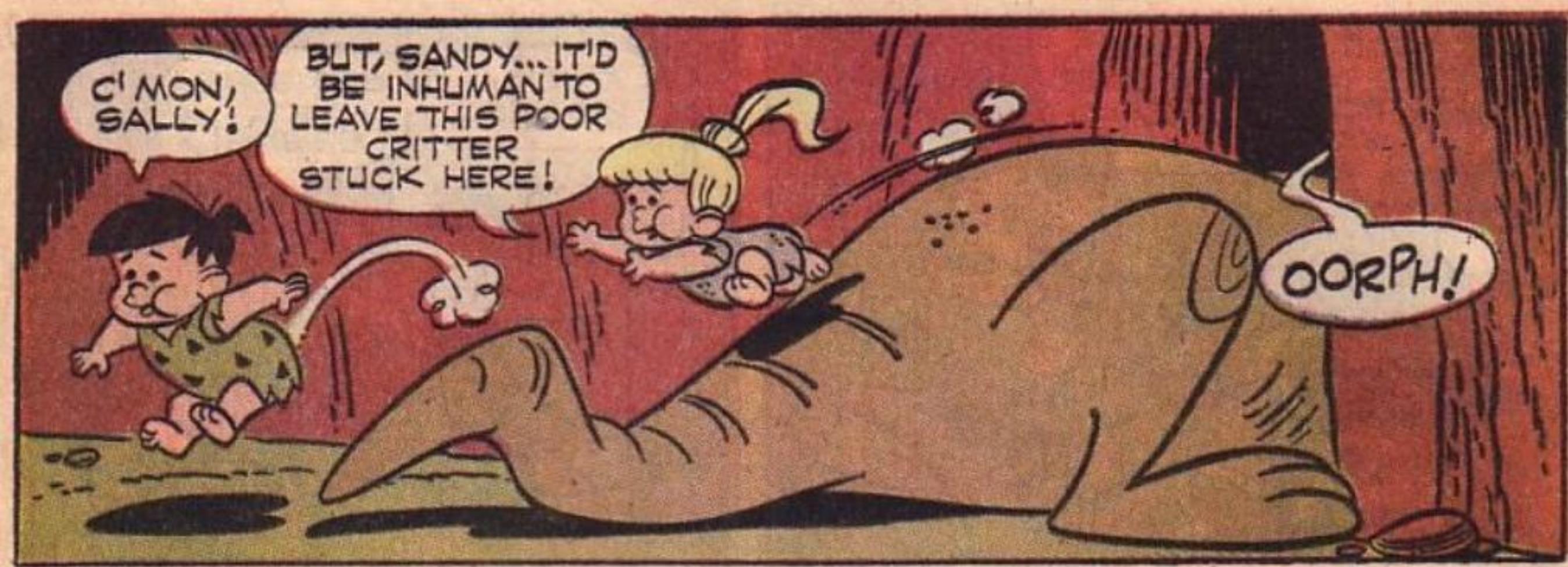
HUH? WHO'S THE WISE GUY?!

STOMP!









YOU HERD THE "KIDDIES"
OUT HERE WHILE I DO SOME
QUICK ROPE-TYING,
SANDY!

C'MON,
KIDDIES...
GET SOME
NICE
GRAPES!

WHILE AT GYPSY CRYSTAL'S COSTUME PARTY...

I WONDER WHY
SANDY AND SALLY
AREN'T HERE?

MAYBE
THEY COULDN'T
COOK-UP GOOD
COSTUMES!

SAYS YOU! WE'VE GOT
A SUPER OUTFIT!

G-GOLLY!

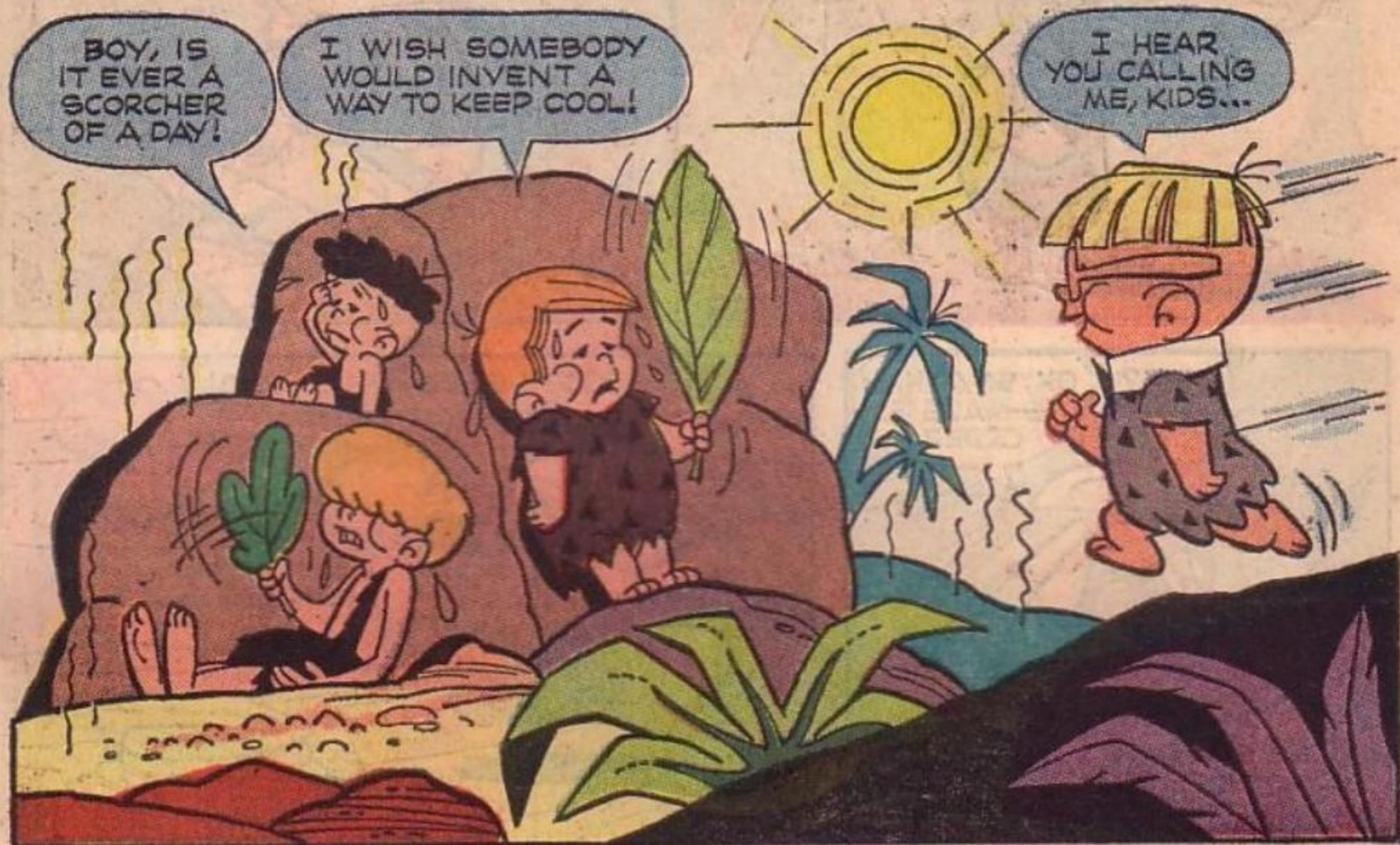
WE'VE EVEN
INVENTED A
NEW TYPE OF
CRITTER...THE
PAPOOSEROO!

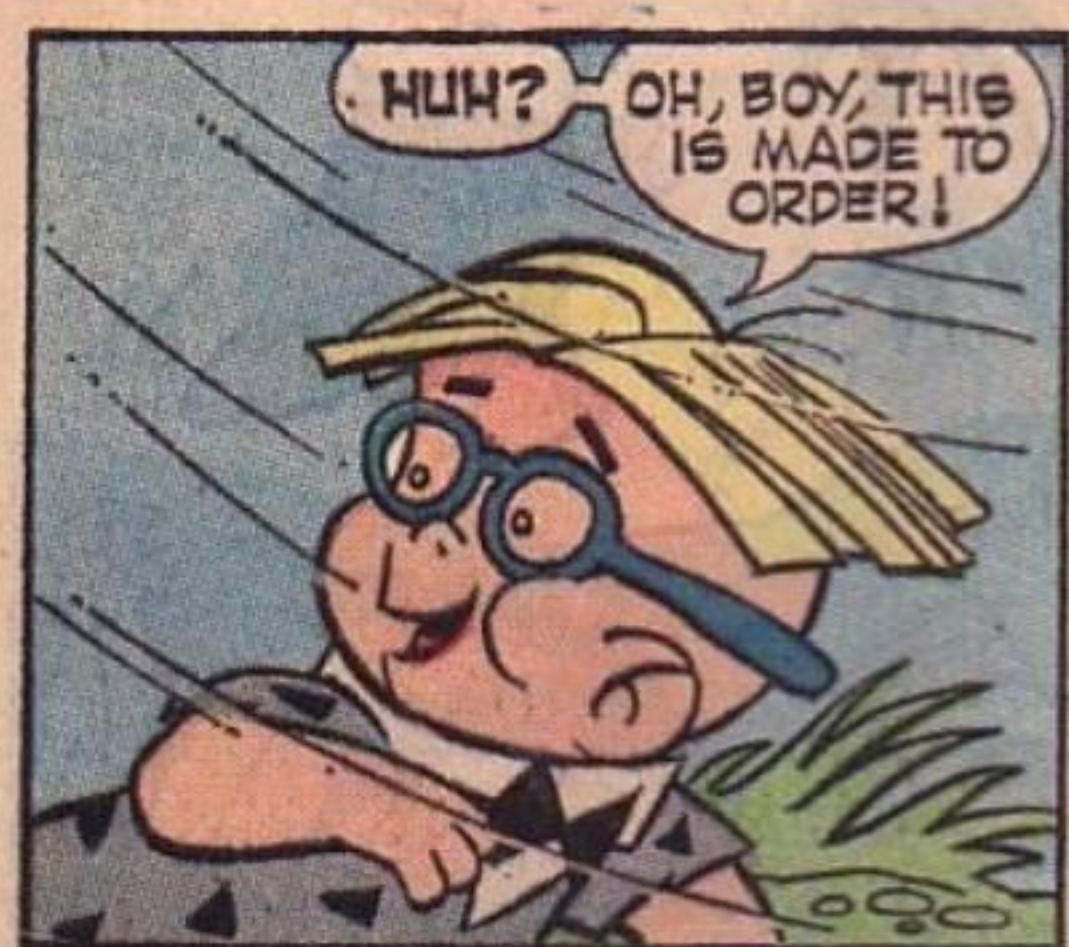
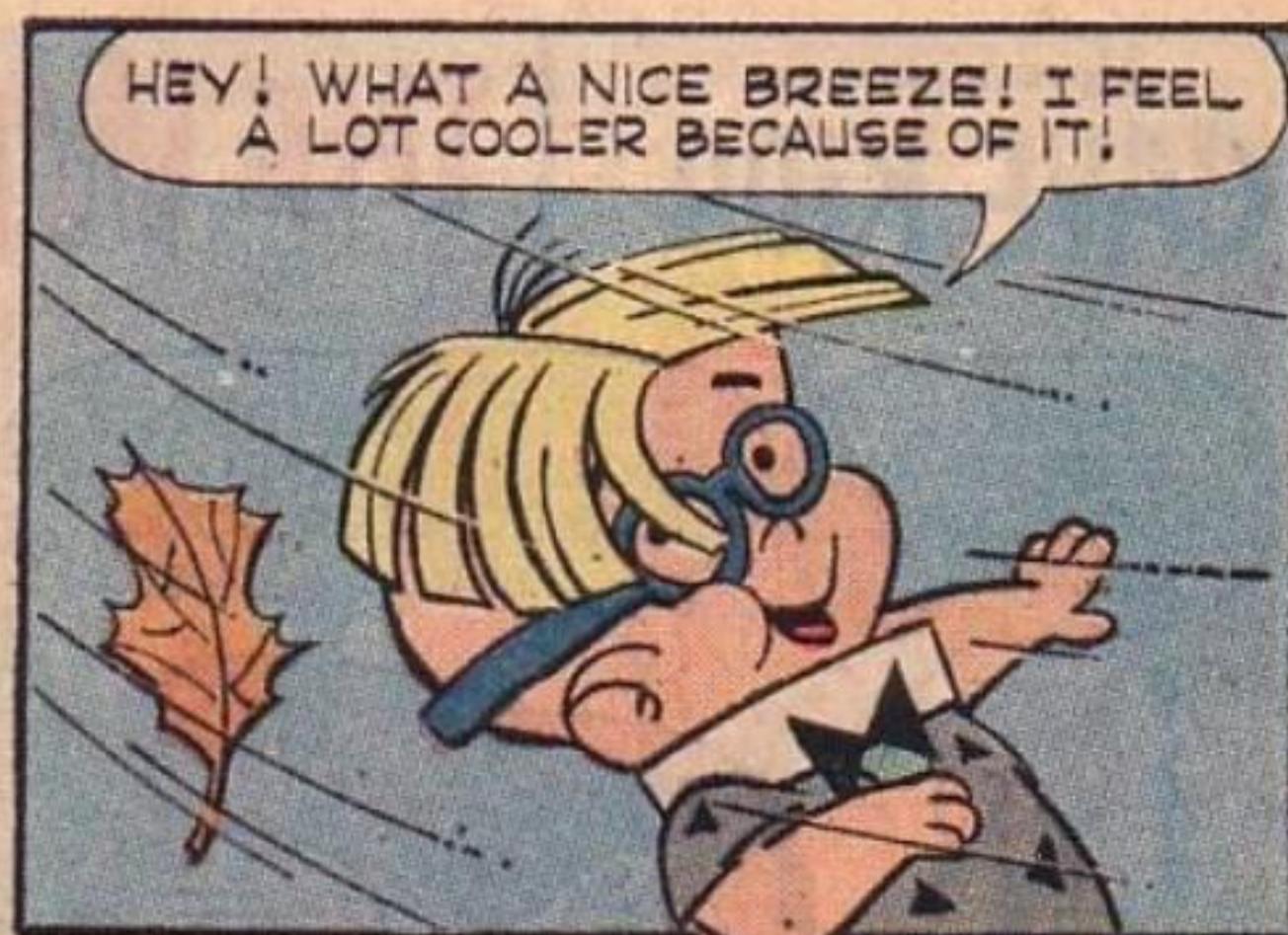
SQX!

END

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

THE WINGED-DINGER





IT'S NOT AS EASY AS THAT...
THE WINGED-DINGER EATS
ONLY *SOPRANO-BERRIES*!

UGH! AND SOPRANO-
BERRIES ONLY GROW ON
TOP OF OPERA TREES!

WE'RE
HOTTER
THAN
EVER!

ER... JUST THINK
HOW MUCH COOLER
YOU'LL FEEL
AFTERWARDS!

DO-
RE-
ME-
E-
FA-
SO-

LA-TI-DO!

AND WE CAN PICK A
WHOLE DAY'S SUPPLY
AT ONCE, AND THAT'LL
END IT TILL
TOMORROW!

AND
SEVERAL
BUSHELS
LATER...

WHEW! WE'VE
SURE EARNED THIS
BREEZY REST!

EEK!

NOW
WHAT?!

YOUR MONSTER
HAS BLOWN MY HAT
OFF MY HEAD!

OOPS!

(HUFF-PUFF!) THE GUY WHO
INVENTED ROUND HATS SHOULD
HAVE HIS HEAD EXAMINED!

BOÓK!

I CAN'T REWARD YOU BOYS
FOR RETURNING MY HAT WHEN
YOUR BIRD BLEW IT OFF!

HUMPH!

WAW!

NOW
WHAT?

THE WIND FROM OUR
WINGED-DINGER BLEW HER
DOLLAR INTO THIS PIT!

ER... LET'S NOT
FETCH THAT!

HERE... WE'LL EACH
GIVE YOU A QUARTER!

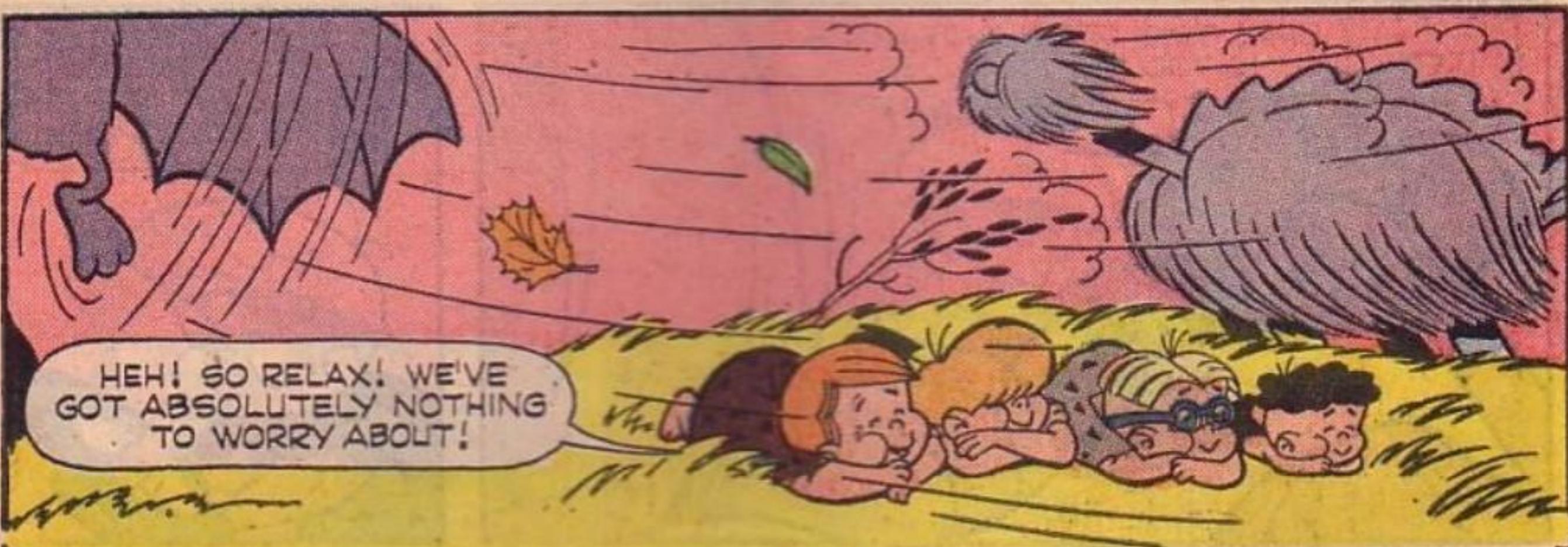
I'M ALMOST OVERCOME
BY THE HEAT!

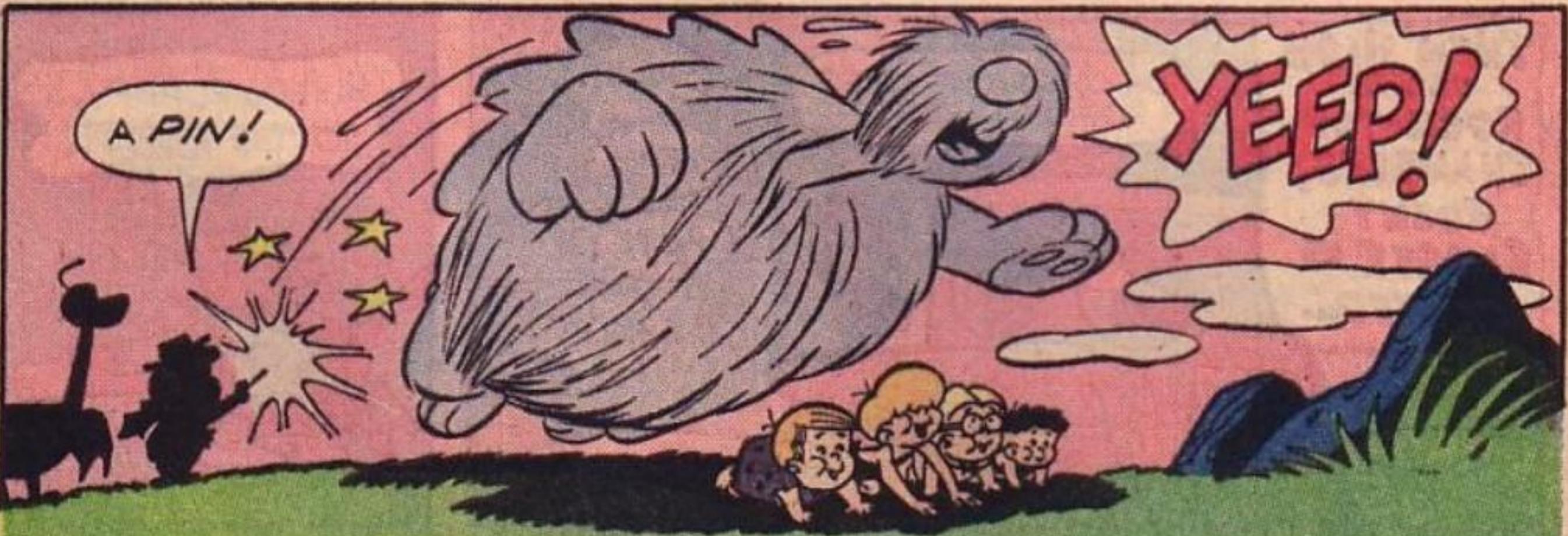
YOUR COOLING-OFF
INVENTION IS BURNING
US UP, IZZY!

YEAH!

EASY, MEN... A FEW
WARNING SIGNS
IS ALL WE NEED!







...AND NOW I'M GOING
TO RESORT TO THE
UNUSUAL...

...GOOD-BY,
TROUBLESOME
INVENTION!

FLAP!

FLAP!

YAY! IT'S BYE-BYE
TO A BAD BREEZE!

YEAH! BETTER TO
ROAST THAN WRESTLE
WITH ALL THOSE OTHER
PROBLEMS!

ER... IF ALL YOU WANT
TO DO IS KEEP COOL...
I'LL FLY YOU UP TO THE
TOP OF MOUNT KOOLABA!

IS IT REALLY
COOLER
UP THERE?

COOLER? WHY, IT'S SNOW-
CAPPED RIDGES AND ITS
FREQUENT ARCTIC-LIKE GUSTS
ARE A YEAR-ROUND WINTRY
PLAYGROUND, AND...

HOLD IT... WE'LL BE RIGHT
WITH YOU, ROCKY... AS SOON
AS WE GET A FEW THINGS!

...SUCH AS, OUR
MITTENS -

SCARFS -

EARMUFFS -

...AND HOT
WATER
BOTTLES!

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SCHOLASTIC

CAVE KIDS

